

The Oregon Union.

THE UNION AS IT WAS—THE CONSTITUTION AS IT IS, AND THE NEGROES WHERE THEY ARE.

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[For the Oregon Union.]

Execution of Thos. A. Snider and Ten Others.

A little after twelve o'clock,
One sad and gloomy day,
Three wagons drove into the jail,
Where Thomas Snider lay.
His fated chains were then thrown off,
And he was ordered out.
Then those same wagons bore him on,
Along the gloomy route.
To him and nine more hearty men
This sentence then was read:
Before the setting of the sun,
That they should all be dead.
Ten rough board coffins were prepared,
And in those wagons placed,
And each was made to sit on one,
As on they moved in haste.
The cortège soon drove up the line
Unto the silent spot,
Where these unlucky sons of men
Were sentenced to be shot.
The coffins then were taken out,
And placed down on the green,
While thirty soldiers, arms in hand,
Were there to close the scene.
When all arrangements were prepared,
The doomed men kneeling down,
A Mr. Rhodes then offered prayer,
While yet they viewed the ground.
When prayer was over all arose,
And on their coffins sat.
Then at each other cast a look,
Whom guns were leveled at.
The Marshal then with R. M. Rhodes,
To them a farewell gave,
By shaking hands with all of them
Before they met their graves.
Then bandages were offered them,
To bind around their eyes,
To hide their study, honest gaze,
Which they could not disguise.
But only two accepted them,
The others looked with ire
Upon the murderous villains there,
And waited for the fire.
Then soon the word to them was given
To kill those helpless men,
And in the fire of their guns,
Fell two out of the ten.
Then worse than savage fiends, the crew
With pistols bight in hand,
Rushed in upon and butchered them,
At "loyalty's" command.
Now I have only this to say,
Ye Devils, fiends of Hell!
There is a place, too hot, I fear,
Where after death you'll dwell.

THE INDICTMENTS AGAINST SECRETARY STANTON.—The fact that the present Grand Jury have failed to find any indictment against Secretary Stanton must not be taken as an indication that the matter has been abandoned. On the contrary, the prosecution will be conducted with renewed vigor. There was not sufficient time for the December Grand Jury to do more than commence an investigation and accumulate evidence. It is upon this evidence, together with such additional testimony as shall be brought before them, that the Grand Jury, summoned for the January term, will be called upon to act. And we do not hazard much in predicting that before the 15th of January shall have passed away, a requisition from Governor Seymour will demand of President Lincoln the person of Edwin M. Stanton to answer certain indictments brought against him in the Court of General Sessions for the peace in and for the city and county of New York.—N. Y. Argus.

THE ABOLITION PROCLAMATION.—THE SOLEMN PLEDGE.—"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so."—Lincoln's Inaugural Address, March 4th, 1862.

Radical Legislation.

Among the many evils which radical legislation is preparing for the future, not the least formidable will be found to result from the operation of unjust and proscription laws. Our Constitution embodies, on this subject, the true spirit of enlightened humanity, and asserts the correct principles of public law and natural justice which limit and justify the right of confiscation. Every departure from these principles—every violation of them by usurpation of power under whatever pretext—every act of submission on the part of the governed, to such violations, will not only add to the difficulty of terminating our disgraceful war, but will leave upon our society, when the war shall have ceased, the implacable resentments and passions which years of peace will neither subdue nor eradicate. No government can hope to perpetuate its organization whose laws are at variance with the instincts of natural justice, and violative of the enlightened spirit which is supposed to pervade the humane and Christian civilization of the present century. Our confiscation laws have been enacted in furtherance of a sectional and malignant policy which has earned for its supporters the merited title of "Radicals." In seeking, at all risks, the triumph of this policy, these radical politicians have forced the country into a terrible civil war, and would fasten on posterity, by means of their pernicious legislation, a legacy that will open up a source of litigation without measure—of ruin without hope. There is no mistaking the original source of this sort of legislation. It springs directly out of that puritanical spirit which filled the statute books of our so-called, pilgrim fathers, with disgraceful and intolerant laws. If this spirit has been less manifested in late years than it was when these riotous pilgrims burned witches and imprisoned uxorious husbands for kissing their wives on Sunday, the difference is less the result of change of character, than alteration of circumstances. As opportunity offered, these sanctimonious gentry show themselves as covetous of gain as they were bloody in persecution. They were willing to barter immunity from their intolerant code, for the wealth they could secure by prostituting a calculating intellect to a thrift which hallowed means, provided the ends revealed a golden fruition. In this race of sordid passions, hypocrisy was elevated into a virtue, and cant became the never failing cloak of dishonesty. It is this puritanical spirit, grown arrogant by the wealth it has achieved by its hypocrisy, that now confronts the country with its cant about slavery, and proposes a legislation in consonance with its early teaching and practice. While this fanatical spirit is urging its destructive policy on the country, we may measure its probable effects, from the analogies which history presents. The Jacobins of the French Revolution, confiscated property belonging to the Church, to the amount of nine hundred and fifty millions of dollars—and yet in the distribution and management of this vast estate, the expenses, during the first year, exceeded by ten millions of dollars, the revenue derived from it; and in a few years augmented the national debt thirty-five millions. In accounting for this result, Alison remarks that, "in the confusion consequent on so great an act of spoliation, no account of the ecclesiastical domains could be obtained; and the leaders who had sanctioned so prodigious a robbery, found it impossible after its commission, to restrain the peculations of their inferior agents." The same author, in another connection, observes that by the confiscation of the property of the Church, the Constituent Assembly gave a fatal precedent of injustice, too closely followed in after times; exasperated a large and influential class, and rendered public manners dissolute." Up to May, 1793, and in a period not exceeding four years, the property confiscated from the clergy and nobility, was valued at thirteen hundred and forty millions of dollars—and as the enormous emissions of assignats, were based upon this property, the value of the currency depreciated in proportion as the property was squandered. Nor did the evils stop with the present bankruptcy of the government—the prostration of private credit—and the demoralization of the people. The effects are still visible in France, and will be traced in her social history in a long future. We again quote from Alison, who says: "The confiscation of land has been before to Ireland—a source of weakness and discord which will never end."

The remarks of this author, on the subject of confiscation in Ireland, are so liberal, judicious and apposite, that we venture to give them at some length to our readers. They will repay perusal, and invoke serious reflections on the probable judgment of posterity upon the facts we are creating for historical criticism. "The first evil which has attached to Ireland was the original and subsequent confiscation of so large a portion of the landed property, and its acquisition by persons of a different country, habits and religion—from the great body of the inhabitants. In the successive insurrections which that country has witnessed, since the English standards first approached her shores, nearly all its landed property has been confiscated and lavished, either on the English nobility, or companies, or individuals of English extraction. Above eight millions of acres were bestowed in this manner upon the adventurers and soldiers of fortune who followed the standard of Cromwell. It is the great extent of this cruel and unjust

measure which has been the original cause of the disasters of Ireland, by nourishing profound feelings of hatred in the descendants of the dispossessed proprietors, and introducing a body of men into the country, necessarily dependent for their existence upon the exclusion of the original owners from the inheritance of their fathers."—Balt. Mirror.

Letter from Major Jack Downing.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.
WASHINGTON, Dec 29, 1862.

SIRS—Wal of I ain't been busy sence I writ you last, I wouldn't say so. I got your letter about seein Blair on the question of sendin THE CAWASHIN in the mails, an I had'n't any doubt but he would do it as soon as I put the subject to him in the rite light. Blair's father, "Parson Blair," as he used to be call'd in the old Ginneral's time, an I used to be very thick. He helped me sifer a good deal when I was postin the Ginneral up about Biddle's Bank matters. But I had'n't seen the old man for a long time ontel I called on him tother day. He was dresful glad to see me, an shuck my hand as if he thought there warn't no feelin in it. Ses he, "Major, it's a long time since we've met, an I know you are a loyal man, for there ain't no follerer of Ginneral Jackson that could be anything else." Ses I, "If there's a loyal man in this country, I'm one. I go for puttin down every feller that's opposed to the Constitution, I don't keer who he is. I only wish we had an Old Hickory to step in now an just deal out jestiss all around, without any parshality. I guess there's a good many fellers that don't expect it, who might get hested." "Wal," ses he, "Major, I'm of your idee exactly. The truth is, I'm thinkin that the administration is played out. The Ultrys will ruin it." "Wal," ses I, "Mister Blair, I've cum to see you about another matter. Your son Montgomery, who used to be a little shaver in the old Ginneral's time, has got the place of Amos Kindle, an he has been stoppin Dimmyratic papers in the mails." "Oh no," ses he, "I guess not; only sum disloyal sheets." "No," ses I, "I'll give you a hundred dollars for every word of disloyalty agin the Constitution you'll find in that paper." Here I took a Cawashin out of my pocket, an handed it to him. He looked it over an couldn't find nothin to object to. When I showed him the motto at its head, taken from his own words about the freedom of the press, and then I telled him I wanted him to go with me to Montgomery, an see of the thing couldn't be fixed. So we went over, an you never see a man stere so as Montgomery did. Ses he, "Major Downing, I'm tickled to see you. I think you have slighted me sence you've been in Washington. You've been to see nigh about all the members of the Cabynet except me." "Wal," ses I, "I don't go around much, except on bizness for the Kernel; but now," ses I, "I've cum on another errand; I've cum to see why you don't allow all the Dimmyratic newspapers to go in the mails?" "Wal," ses he, "Major, that's jest what I'm goin to do. It was bad bizness for us that we ever stopped these papers. It made more votes for the Dimmyratic party than any other cause. The truth is, it never was my policy. I never did believe in it, and now they all see it must be given up." Ses I, "Mister Blair, if you didn't believe in it, you orter have refused to do it. That ain't the way the old Ginneral acted, an he's my model. Ef he thought anything was rong, there warn't a mortal man, high or low, that could have got him to do it. He would have died afire he would do. He would have told him warn't right, an it's them kind of men that are great men, and will save our country, ef it ever is saved." "Wal," ses he, "Major, you're about rite, an I don't think I shall stay in this bote much longer. Things are goin from bad to wuss." "Yes," ses I, "they are like old Sol Hopkins's dyin cow, 'gettin no better very fast.'" "But," ses he, "Major, you can rest easy on the papers. We are going back to the Free Press Principle, and let the people have their own way." "Wal," ses I, "I'm glad to hear it. It's about time there was a change."

So I bid him good by, an went back to see the Kernel, who I found in a peck of trubbl. Ses I, "what's the matter now?" For I saw at a glance sumthin was up. Ses I, "is Burnside whipped agin or is Stonewall Jackson in our rear?" "No," ses he, "Major, nothin of that sort, but sumthin jest about as bad. There has jest been a commity here from the Senat who demand that I shall change my Cabynet. They say we don't have any success, an the peopl demand a change." Ses I, "did you kick em down stairs?" "No," ses he, "I didn't." "Wal," ses I, "you orter. They might jest as well ask you to resign." Ses I, "don't your Cabynet agree in your policy? Don't they do as you desire?" "Yes," says he, "they do." "Wal," ses I, "then what's the use of changin? If you intend to change your policy, then it is reasonable to ask you to change your Cabynet, but otherways not." "Wal," ses he, "Major, that's my idee exactly, but I didn't tell em so, I thought I would wait an see what you thought of it." "Wal," ses I, "I see the hull cause of the rumpus. The defeat of Burnside has made em so wrothy that they didn't know what to do, an they thought they must find fault about sumthin." Ses I, "fighten the rebels jest for all the world like bar huntin. A good many years ago, when it was common up in Maine, nigh about all the nabors would

now an then turn out to hunt a bar. If they caught him they used to have a grand time, get up a big supper an drink whiskey till they all got how cum you so. But if they didn't ketch the bar, then one was blamin tother, and tuther another, an sumtimes the affair would end by gettin into a regular fite all around. Jest so it is now. If Burnside had whipped the rebels, it would all have been right." Ses Linkin, ses he, "Major, you're right." But what am I to do? They komplain about the Cabynet, an want me to change it." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I telly you how to fix it. Get the Comitty and Cabynet face to face, and let 'em quarrel it out."

"That would be a capital idee, Major, but how am I to do it?" "Wal," ses I, "you jest call the Cabynet together for twelve o'clock to-morrow, an then send for the Comitty, and put 'em in the same room together, an see how the happy family will manage." The Kernel was struck with the idee, and so the next day the Cabynet were assembled, an a pooty soon after the Comitty, with Fessenden Cheerman, made their appearance. You never see a more frustrated set of people in this world than these men were. But there was no backin out. The Kernel called the meetin to order, an sed he had received a good many komplaints, and he wanted the matter fully discussed. Fessenden got up, an said that the people were gettin tired of the war, an that the only way to satisfy 'em was to change the Cabynet. Burnside had been defeated, Banks has been sent a great ways off, when he was wanted at home, the sojers warn't paid, the gunboats warn't finished, &c., &c. Chase got up first, he sed if the sojers warn't paid it warn't his fault. The fact was, that paper had jest unexpectedly, an his stock was low. Riz as soon as paper got more plenty, an he got the new patent National Ten Cylinder Revolving Machine at work, the sojers would be all paid regular. Then Stanton got up, puffin like a porpus. Ses he, "Mr. President, these ere remarks are impertinent, an if I had my way, I would send every one of this Comitty to the Old Capitol. I'd like to know what these men know about war, and strategy. Why, they talk about the defeat of Burnside. It is nonsense, sir, he ain't been defeated! The people are humbugged by the newspapers in the land. They interfore with my strategy. Burnside has gained a great success. He has discovered the strength of the enemies works at that pint, and now we know that some other route is the way to take, and we should have found that out. This Comitty of old gentlemen, or old women, I had almost said, don't understand the art of war. Their talk is sheer impertinence. I'd squelch 'em with a proclamation, if no other way."

Then Granfather Welles got up, an sed he didn't like to have fault found because his gunboats warn't redy. He sed he would like to see any one who had worked harder than he had. He sed he hadn't slept but fourteen hours sed for six months, while his nature rest required eighteen. He had sacrificed all that for the good of his country, an he didn't believe one of the Comitty had done as much. Blair got up an sed he didn't keer how quick they turned him out. He was redy to go any time, as he thought the thing was played out. Bates sed he thought things looked more cheerful than ever before, as he had jest discovered that the niggers could be citizens, an that the Dred Scott decision was a humbug. When they all got thru, there was a ginneral talk all around, and they finally cum to the conclusion that there warn't any reason for a change after all, and they all went off in a pretty good humor.

To the great Cabynet crysis ended, and the Kernel feels like a new man. My idee of gettin them all together face to face, the Kernel ses, saved the nashun. That nite we set up till after midnight, and finally after takin a good swig of Old Rye, went to bed. The next morning the Kernel was as merry as a lark, an could tell stories as well as ever.

Yours till death,
MAJER JACK DOWNING.

The Draft.

Gov. Seymour, in his inaugural message, says of the skulking Abolitionists who avoid the draft:
I urge your immediate attention to the inequality and injustice of the laws under which it is proposed to draft soldiers for the service of the General Government. During a long period of peace but little attention has been paid to our military system. For the purpose of a conscription it is entirely defective; it contains none of the provisions which in the European systems mitigate the evils of compulsory military service; it pays no just regard on one hand to the evils which it may inflict, while on the other it makes numerous exemptions which are inconsistent with fairness and with the spirit of our Constitution, and that contemplates that all of suitable ages alike shall perform military duty or pay some equivalent. This purpose is fully expressed by the first Constitution of our State:
"It is of the utmost importance to the safety of every State that it should always be in a condition of defense; and it is the duty of every man who enjoys the protection of society to be prepared and willing to defend it."

ed widely from this principle; no conditions have been prescribed upon which those who have scruples of conscience should be excused from bearing arms. Exemptions have been multiplied until large classes are not only relieved from military duty, but also from giving any equivalent for such relief. They include numerous officials and other classes who have no claims to exemption beyond those which belong to every citizen engaged in useful pursuits.

These favored classes are usually in a better condition to give an equivalent than the mass of those upon whom these liabilities now fall. There should be no such unjust distinctions; all male citizens of suitable years should be equally liable; if those who are unfit to perform duty are drawn, they should pay such sum as shall be deemed just by suitable tribunals. If they are unable to pay, the amount can be remitted, or, like firemen, they might render an equivalent in an equally honorable branch of the public service. If the lot falls on officials, they can procure substitutes or pay such commutations as may be prescribed by law. It is glaringly unjust to allow those enjoying all the honors and profits of official station to go free of all liabilities, while the only son of the widow, or the sole support of the family, may be forced upon a distant and dangerous service.

The "Grand Decree of Freedom."

Mr. Lincoln is supposed to be an earnest believer in "impartial freedom" that is, in the equal rights of darkiedom, and however disastrous his efforts hitherto to carry out that "great principle," his chief organ, the New York Tribune, declares that he never doubts of final success, and on the first of January will issue a grand decree declaring all the negroes of the "rebel States" ipso facto, "free Americans." Of course this is the "higher law" in all its perfection, not only higher than the Constitution and human reason, but higher than that of Great Jehovah, who, having made the negro subordinate to the white man, has decreed that he shall remain thus subordinate forever. But, after all, "honest old Abe" is a plagiarist, even in this great work of reversing the eternal order of God Himself. Seventy years ago, the French Convention issued a decree of "impartial freedom" in San Domingo, and sent out Commissioners to that island to carry it into effect. The Commissioners landed at Port-au-Prince, issued a notice for all darkiedom to assemble together in a central place, where Santhonax, the chief Commissioner, was to read the decree declaring them all "free Frenchmen" on a certain day. The whites and mongrels were already in the midst of a frightful conflict, and the road of the Commissioners was lighted up by burning houses and homesteads. But Santhonax, with head high in air, and decree in hand, never doubted its success, and therefore marched steadily forward through scenes of death, burnings and desolation, to free the "unhappy slaves." At last, reaching the centre of the crowd, he began reading, without a doubt or a tremor in his voice, the grand "decree of freedom" to the infuriated negroes, who, of course, made short work with him, and had his wise and benevolent head on a pole long before the time for finishing his great work. The advocates of "impartial freedom" in our midst, seem to be marching rapidly in the footsteps of the French Convention, and should they go as far as poor Santhonax, they are pretty certain to reach a similar end.

Mrs. Douglas—The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Bulletin takes the following liberty with this lady's name:

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press stating that Mrs. Douglas widow of the late Illinois Senator, is about to contract an alliance matrimonial with Chase of the Treasury, no doubt founded upon the court Secretary of the Treasury is known to pay to the ace accomplished lady, but it is understood here that the happy man, that is to be, is General Rufus Ingalls late Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan. One or both of these reported engagements may be the invention of lively Washington gossips, though it is pretty certain that the lady can have for a husband either the unselectable Secretary, or the gallant General; and judging by her delay in coming to a conclusion upon their respective merits, it may be presumed the contest is about even between the two aspirants for her hand. It is a love tilt between statesmanship and greenbacks on the one side, and soldierly qualities and epaulettes, on the other.

INEQUALITY.—The six New England states with a population of 3,126,000, have twelve votes in the United States Senate, while the State of New York with a population of 3,881,000, has but two votes in that body. The Abolitionists call this "a comfortable and pleasant fact."

The Louisville Journal supposes that "the fortunes of war" we hear so much about, are the fortunes made by the army contractors.

MAKING COFFEE.—Coffee, as very commonly prepared, by persons unacquainted with its nature, is a decoction, and is boiled for some time, under a mistaken notion that the strength is not extracted unless it is boiled. But the fact is just the reverse. The fine aromatic oil which produces the flavor and strength of the coffee, is dispelled and lost by boiling; and a mucilage is extracted at the same time, which also tends to make it flat and weak. The best modes are, to pour boiling water through the coffee in a bag or strainer, which is found to extract nearly all the strength; or, to pour boiling water upon it, and set it on the fire, not to exceed ten minutes. The Turks and Arabs boil the coffee, it is true, but they boil each cup by itself, and only for a moment, so that the effect is, in fact, much the same as that of infusion, and not like that of decoction. They do not separate the coffee itself from the infusion, but leave the whole in the cup.

The war.—No glimmer of light yet penetrates the dark cloud of dreadful war that envelops our beloved country. On the contrary, it grows denser and darker each day; and Heaven alone knows when and how light and peace shall come again. The War is now nearly two years' old. The South first threw its cap into the ring with a cool determination to win or die;—little but little, like well-developed and scientific Mace. The North, big and burly, responded like the prize-fighter, King,—and then the battle began. The huge lungs of the mammoth man, confident almost to contempt were spent in empty air, while the smaller but more determined competitor shot forth blows both fast and heavy.

One was headlong, the other wary.—One, maddened by repeated rebuffs, rushed blindly again to the attack, but lacking energy equal to the intent, was repulsed again. The other more skilled, though not more brave, artfully evaded "punishment," but only to "return" again, unexpectedly and with unlooked for force. * * * Hooker has taken the place of Burnside, and the Army of the Potomac is farther away from Richmond than it was a year ago.

And so goes the fight for championship of a mighty empire; the spectators being swayed more by passion than judgment.—Oakland Press.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—A correspondent of the New York World gives some statements in regard to the "wasting away" of the Army of the Potomac which are rather startling. The correspondent writes as follows:

Without giving any clue to our real strength, let me say that any regiment which went out with McClellan to the peninsula, and which can still number three hundred men for duty, has more than the average strength of these regiments. And the new regiments which joined the army in Maryland and Virginia during the past three months are melting away with a rapidity that makes one sick at heart when he considers the work before them. Though many have suffered severely in battle, yet not one-fourth part of the depletion is thus incurred. The real and great cause or causes, I may say, of depletion, is the irresponsibility of the medical service. Let me say that in this I do not allude to the service in the field, the attention and care of the sick in field hospitals, or the attention to the wounded after battle, but to the abominable system which takes men from regimental hospitals, transfers them to distant points, and there, through management and mismanagement, corruption and illegitimate influences, at least two-thirds of them are never heard of in any service again. It has become the regular habit of regimental officers to look upon a man transferred to a distant hospital as dead to the service. And the records of the regiments show more than half of their original strength marked "sent to the hospital," and never heard from save through an application for a "descriptive list," for obtaining pay.

It does not need much figuring to tell where we shall be in this respect when the time of the nine months men shall have expired. And so unless some better means is devised of returning absent, convalescent and deserting men to the ranks, we shall look in vain for our army.

BREAD-EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.—An important archeological discovery has just been made at Pompeii, of a mill with a great quantity of corn in excellent preservation, and an oven with eighty-one loaves, arranged in rows, and but slightly affected by the heat of the lava, having been protected by a quantity of ashes which had covered the iron door fitted to the mouth of the oven. These loaves have all been got out entire. A large iron shovel for introducing the loaves into the oven has also been found on the spot, with a remnant of its wooden handle. This is the first discovery of the kind on record. Not far from this place, 58 silver and 561 bronze coins have been found.